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## DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE.

IN Albums, Annuals, and other such works in light literature, disappointments in love are always treated in one way—that is to say, according to the formula established with them upon this subject: the heroines never recover the shock, but are sure to fall into consumption at the very least, and be carried off within the year. This may be very useful as a means of winding up a story; and it may even occasionally have a moral effect, showing to young ladies the danger of precipitate passion, and to young gentlemen the impropriety of asking hearts where they do not intend to seek hands. But it strikes us as a sad waste of human life, and also as apt to be attended with some positive harm. Were a physician to look upon every doubtful case as past cure, and tell the patient so, he would probably find himself in many instances right, merely through the despair he had inflicted; just so must it be hurtful to a young lady disappointed in love, to have it dinned into her ears from all quarters, that hers is an invariably mortal wound. It might be better, we think, in this, as in most other cases, if the downright truth were told.

Let us review the various kinds of disappointments under the head of Love.

We would touch with reverence on that occasioned by death. Sad as it is, it is not perhaps the worst to bear. The affection over which the grave has closed has indeed a feeling of eternity, but it has none of pain or infirmity. Time (present time) does its work even here, and most perfectly with the young. In other words, a changing succession of new feelings to new objects must flow on and fill the mind for ever. New impressions must arise, and old ones grow faint. Thus are our sharpest sorrows brought to a pleasing sadness. Affliction rightly dealt with, may, nay, must turn to blessing. It raises us above the petty vanities and discomforts of life. It enables us better to understand, and, therefore, to console, the unhappiness of others. It deepens a sense of religion, the reward at once and consolation of a tender and elevated mind. We shall avoid a foolish superstition and a gloomy fanaticism, if we can test our aspirations after a better world by their practical influence on our conduct in this one.

To turn to a less dismal disappointment. A young lady has fallen (a fall rightly expressing the precipitancy of the movement) in love with a young gentleman, who simultaneously falls (or, to save female delicacy, we shall say previously has fallen) in love with her. The symptoms are many and various. They have met at a ball, and he has danced with her a whole evening in spite of etiquette and chaperons—has talked most agreeably between the dances—has attended her in a morning walk, and offered his arm preparatory as it were to offering his hand—has intrigued successfully to get himself invited wherever she is to be—has escorted her home of an evening in all weather. What shall we say more! Has looked all sorts of unutterable things, and has uttered a few of the same sort of things, poetical prose as it were; but if he should happen to be a downright rhyming poet, he may have sent a copy of verses adapted to the new fair one's name. Well, our young gentleman is over head and ears in love with our young lady, and *vice versa*, for at present it is much the same case with them both. But then comes a difference. He goes home or goes abroad; to college again; to a counting-room or a warehouse; into the army or the navy; goes away, in short, no matter where. He disappears from the eyes of our young lady; that is, from the eyes of her head, but not from her mind's eye—her memory. She nourishes a hopeless passion, pines, and dies! This, at least, is what she ought to do, if she follows the example set her in all the histories of all the forsaken maidens she has ever read of. Nobody ever felt as she felt. Mrs Anybody's grief for the loss of a husband, or Mrs Somebody's

lamentations over the grave of a child, are nothing to hers. Her father and mother are a worthy happy couple; but what can they have known of love! "What a commonplace, unromantic person mamma is! and old contented aunt Betty, can she ever have had a lover or a disappointment?" What a complete want of *true feminine* feeling it would be in our afflicted heroine, ever to forget her woes, and be good for any thing again in this world! And, yet, is there not a great deal more of fancy than of affection here! We like to borrow the language of poetry to give advice in:—

"Rouse thyself, and the weak wanton Cupid  
Shall, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air."

Here is another disappointment! A male flirt, without further intention than to gratify his vanity, feigns a passion, or, perhaps, feels just enough to enable him to feign well, excites both love and hope in the breast of a woman, draws her on to betray them, and then leaves her. Should she die! Dear young lady, you have been ungenerously, nay, unjustly treated. We don't say, Be on your guard for evermore. The chance of your ever again meeting with such an injury is but small; but were it greater, it is better to be deceived than to grow suspicious. Take a lesson, however, from your disappointment, which even you may require. Never let your vanity, or mere desire of pleasing, entrap you to lay traps for others. Think how much more respectable it is to be deceived than to deceive—how much you have, in fact, the superiority over the vain man you are aggrieved by—what a bad husband he would have made. We don't recommend that you should hate him. Life is surely too short, and all human beings too unfortunate, as well as imperfect, to allow of your indulging in such an unchristian-like feeling; but you will be agreeably surprised to find in how short a time you will become *indifferent*, if you will only give yourself fair play, and not suppose that you were born to fall a victim to man's arts. Make no boastful show of this indifference, nor lower yourself to enter the race of vanity with your faithless swain, for the purpose of mortifying him. The triumph of virtue will then be complete, and, let romancers say as they please, you will live to enjoy its reward.

Treachery of a more open and decided kind than that we have just been considering, may amount to a breach of promise of marriage, and may occasion a serious disappointment. This sort is not so strictly an affair of the heart; and the variety of disappointments it is attended with, rather weaken, as we conceive, the force of it on the whole. It is shared by a family too, and there are sympathy and indignation and resentment, sometimes revenge, to console the sufferer. The legal fiction (that remnant of feudal barbarism), by which only a breach of promise of marriage is made punishable, is not favourable to female delicacy; for, when the rank and character of the aggrieved party puts personal injury or pecuniary loss out of the question, what shall we think of a compensation in money being accepted for her unrequited affection, or, worse still, the alternative of an unwilling husband!

It is plain, that, when a compensation cannot be made at all adequate, it should not be attempted. On this pretence, therefore, there seems no plea for damages, and indeed it seems to us very doubtful whether the peculiar breach of faith that regards marriage can be reached in any manner by law. If, however, for the purpose of deterring men from it, still more of preventing others, when under the influence of a just resentment, from taking the law into their own hands, some punishment is thought desirable: one of disgrace, such as fine or imprisonment, seems at once more suitable and more certain than the present one. Our business, however, is not with the law, but with the ladies; and we say to them, Even should no other

promise without a breach in it ever occur to you, you are still well rid of a man who has either deceived you or himself.

A word or two on the subject of *Indifference*. Falsehood, perjury, cruelty, selfishness, are so constantly associated by poets and novel-writers with any falling off in passion in a lover, that we scarcely expect to get young ladies to believe that indifference may arise without deserving such hard names. Long-tried friendships, where esteem, good offices, and mutual interest, cement an union, are not indeed liable to this sudden death; but the fancy of a moment, excited by difficulties, may be vanquished by another fancy. There may be occasion for pity on the one side, but not much for blame on the other. All we can suggest of consolation is, that the sudden fit of *no love* which has come upon your lover, might have happened to you the complainant, and a consideration of this circumstance ought to mollify your resentment. Besides, are you, the forlorn fair, no way blameable in sousing the affection of the individual who has declared himself your admirer! We leave this trying question to be solved by your own feelings and recollections.

There is a disappointment very common in real life, and which the Gems and Amulets make very pretty stories of; we shall call it the disappointment by *prudence*. Papas and mammas disapprove of a connection, and use their interest to prevent its taking place. Both sexes are liable to disappointments from this cause: but the female mostly so—woman being, from her dependent situation, more under the influence of the advice and authority of friends. To what degree she ought to be subjected to this influence, is a question foreign from our present consideration. It is certain that parents have often attempted to exercise a very unjust control over the affections of their children, sometimes from a tyrannical disposition and interested motives for themselves, but much oftener from a view of benefiting their children, forcing them, as it were, to be happy. When Richardson attempted to give parents a lesson of warning against improper interference, in his admirable novel of *Clarissa Harlowe*, his descriptions of domestic tyranny might not, and we believe did not, appear exaggerated to our grandmothers; but we have an agreeable proof of how much times are changed in their seeming to us so unnatural. The old and the young will never, however, in any stage of the world's improvement, be quite of the same way of thinking; for they look on the same object with the very different eyes of fear and hope. It is only by mutual sympathy, by laying together romantic feeling and worldly prudence, that the old can make their experience of any avail to the young.

Poverty is in real life the commonest obstruction to early marriages; and poverty is not, as the romantic young lady may conceive, a mere privation of personal comforts and luxuries, which she may assert truly are nothing to her. It is never endured alone, and when it exists to a great degree, is a cause of mental suffering of the most constant and harassing, if not of the most exquisite kind.

Say that a maiden has given her heart to a man who proves unworthy. Villains are not so common in life as in poetry; but there are faults which, once discovered, make it impossible to go on loving. This situation occasions a most painful revulsion of feeling; for not only must we call in all the tenderness which was wasted upon an undeserving object, but have the mortification of finding that we could be so mistaken. It is a shock to pride of every kind. It may even endanger our belief in virtue; for where shall we seek it if we have not found it in him whom we adored! It is natural for the young to embody what they admire in whatever chance object finds favour in their sight. After such a bitter disappointment, the cherished idea of the beautiful and

the good will with difficulty be realised again; the judgment will be on the watch to guard the affections. So far, perhaps, is well; but it would be a pity to grow so wise as never to be able again to feel a partiality. Suppose the faults discovered are less atrocious, less decidedly fatal to love. "The idols we made, we may find clay," but should we "love through all things?" Shocking absurdity, and lowering to the female character. To attempt to love or live with any sort of low and degrading vices, is no merit, and is not a duty even in a wife.

There is the disappointment both of vanity and affection; when a girl has construed some unmeaning civilities on the part of a man into serious attentions, and admiring and approving of him, first discovers, on hearing of his marriage with another lady, that she has been mistaken, and at the same time that she has been in love! Well, what then! She must lock the secret for ever in her own bosom, say all the authorities on the subject, and "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek," &c. This is very pretty in poetry, but not to be made a rule of conduct in life. There is a degree of pride which humiliates; feminine dignity may not allow of the confession of unrequited affection, but need not wither inwardly at having conceived it. If you have known, fair forlorn one, what it is to love, and making allowance for human infirmity, to love purely and tenderly, you have gained something in experience, in feeling, in humanity, though you may have lost a lover. New sources of enjoyment have been opened to you; you will have learned better to appreciate the charms of poetry, of painting, of music, above all, of nature; you will be a better and a wiser woman for the rest of your life, and therefore may become a happier one. Then, why die! Feminine dignity does not require that, though the "Albums do."

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

##### WITCHCRAFT.

LIKE man himself, with all his prominent habits, opinions, and prejudices, witchcraft seems to have taken its rise in the East, and at a very early period of the world's history. In ancient times, however, this superstition differed considerably from the one recognised under the same name amongst modern nations. In eastern and southern countries, witchcraft was regarded as the power of magical incantation, through the agency of familiar spirits of good and evil propensities, or through certain mysterious and secret influences in nature, which are manifested in dreams, omens, meteors, and other phenomena bearing no particular signification to the uninitiated eye and mind. Thus considered, it operated not only as a heavy bondage of fear over the human intellect, but tended grievously to repress the progress of learning and science; for any unusual achievement in these departments was almost sure to be ascribed to a secret practice of witchcraft, or the art magical. From an early era, it was taken up and pursued as a trade by knowing wretches, who found it possible to thrive better by playing upon the weaknesses of their fellow creatures, than by following any more useful employment. In ancient Rome, whither these delusions were imported from Egypt and Greece, there were many practitioners of this order, who usually took the character of conjurors or fortune-tellers, and exercised a most baneful influence on society at large.

According to the Roman civil code, however, the practice of supernatural arts was a crime. For example, it was a capital offence for any one to increase his rural produce by magical incantations. Pliny narrates a remarkable trial which took place under this law. Cresinus, a laborious and skilful husbandman, was charged by his envious neighbours with having crops of such abundance that it was manifest they could be produced by no other means than the power of magic. The sturdy agriculturist met the accusation by bringing into court his implements of husbandry, oxen, horses, servants, and also his daughter, who formed an able assistant; and he assured the judge that these were "the only witchcraft which he had used." This intrepidity had the desired effect; the accusers were covered with shame and confusion, while Cresinus was dismissed with honour from the tribunal. How many similar cases occur in modern times, in which the success that rewards the skilful and industrious is ascribed to "luck," "fortune," or any other cause than the real one! Let the slothful and envious remember the defence of Cresinus, the Roman husbandman.

The practice among the Greeks of ascribing powers of supernatural vision to the Sybils and Pythoneses of the sacred oracles, appears to have introduced and familiarised the idea of female magicians, and of witchcraft being an art less congenial to the male than the female sex. It is at least certain that sorceresses and their arts are frequently alluded to by the Roman poets. Thus, Tibullus, in describing the wonderful powers of a female necromancer, tells us that

She plucks each star out of his throne,  
And turneth back the raging waves;  
With charms she makes the earth to rove,  
And raises souls out of their graves:  
She burns men's bones as with a fire,  
And pellets down the lights from heaven,  
And makes it snow at her desire,  
E'en in the midst of summer season.

\* A phrase from "The Doctor."

Virgil likewise speaks of a witch who, by the use of certain herbs, could transform herself into a wild animal, fetch up souls from the dead, and work divers wicked pranks on the crops of the husbandman.

It is to be observed, that neither among the Romans nor the Pagan nations of northern Europe, was witchcraft deemed an offence against religion; in some instances, indeed, the witch was supposed to derive her powers from spirits friendly to mankind, and her profession, though feared, was held in honour by her infatuated dupes. Upon the introduction of Christianity, witchcraft assumed a new form, though retaining all its old attributes. Instead of ascribing the supernatural powers of the practitioner to the gods, to Odin, to spirits of good or evil qualities, or to supposed mysteries in nature, the people imputed them to the great fallen spirit mentioned in Scripture. This potent being, from a wicked desire to destroy all that was good and hopeful in man's destiny, was believed to enter into a compact with the aspirant witch, in which, for an irrevocable assignment of her soul at death, he was to grant all her wishes, and assist in all her malevolent projects. These new features in witchcraft, as we shall speedily perceive, thoroughly changed and prodigiously extended the superstition throughout Europe. From being rather a sportive kind of jugglery, or trick in practical magic, and at most only a civil offence, it was recognised as a crime of the deepest dye, meriting the most severe chastisement which the ecclesiastical and civil power could inflict.

We must here notice, however, that the demon or master-fiend of the witchcraft legends was a very different being from that great fallen spirit, held, in a graver view of things, so deeply to influence the best interests of humanity. As this superstition gained force in the Christian world, which it did by slow and successive steps through the whole of the middle ages, or from the fifth century till about the fifteenth, the devil—for it is impossible to avoid the mention of this emphatic name, disagreeable as it is commonly said to be to ears polite—gradually lost many of the former features of his character; or, rather, a different being was substituted for him, combining the characteristics of the Scandinavian Lokke with those of a Satyr of the heathen mythology—a personage equally wicked and malicious as the sterner spirit of evil, but rendered ludicrous by a propensity for petty trickery, and by such personal endowments as a pair of horns, a cow's tail, and cloven feet. There can be no doubt that the demon of the middle ages borrowed these attributes from his human representatives in the old mysteries and plays, where a laudable endeavour was made to make the evil one as ugly as possible. We are told, it is true, that he could at will assume any specious disguise that suited him, but the eye of the initiated observer could readily detect the "cloven foot"—or, in other words, penetrate his true character. Such as he was, he played an important part in the annals of modern witchcraft, which was supposed to rest entirely on the direct and personal agency of himself and the imps commissioned by him. Nor was this supposition confined to the illiterate, or to persons of peculiarly credulous temperament. Authors, distinguished for sense and talent, record with great seriousness, that the devil once delivered a course of lectures on magic at Salamanca, habited in a professor's gown and wig; and that at another time he took up house in Milan, lived there in great style, and assumed, rather imprudently one would say, the suspicious yet appropriate title of the "Duke of Mammon." Even Luther entertained similar notions about the fiend, and, in fact, thought so meanly of him as to believe that he could come by night and steal nuts, and that he cracked them against the bed-posts, for the solacement of his monkey-like appetite.

The powers ascribed to this debased demon were exceedingly great. The general belief was, that through his agency storms at sea and land could at all seasons be raised; that crops could be blighted and cattle injured; that bodily illnesses could be inflicted on any person who was the object of secret malice; that the dead could be raised to life; that witches could ride through the air on broomsticks, and transform themselves into the shapes of cats, hares, or other animals, at pleasure. An old writer, speaking of the powers of witches, says—"1. Some work their bewitchings only by way of invocation or imprecation. They wish it, or will it; and so it falls out. 2. Some, by way of emissary, sending out their imps, or familiars, to cross the way, juggle, affront, flash in the face, bark, howl, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. 3. Some by inspecting, or looking on, or to glare, or peep at with an envious and evil eye. 4. Some by a hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing and blowing on. 6. Some by cursing and banning. 7. Some by blessing and praising. 8. Some revengingly, by occasion of ill turns. 9. Some ingrately, and by occasion of good turns. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by getting something of yours into their house. 12. Some have a more special way of working by several elements; earth, water, ayre, or fire. But who can tell all the manner of ways of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatily, as God will permit, the devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise to put in practice!"

In the present age of comparative intelligence, it is difficult to understand how human beings could be so deplorably ignorant as to entertain such a gross superstition. We must, however, recollect that the belief

was greatly fostered by religious impressions, and that it was long considered a mark of impiety to doubt the existence of witches. Various other circumstances helped to cherish and magnify the error. The true causes of the majority of natural phenomena were unknown. The nature of the atmosphere, and of certain meteoric appearances—of the laws which regulate storms at sea, and tides—of human maladies and their remedies—were enveloped in obscurity. Natural causes being unknown, and the very doctrine of them unacknowledged, the weak and easily terrified mind flew to the conclusion that all evil proceeded from a power malignant to man, and that by certain impious dealings it was possible for man himself to direct that power against his neighbour.

The superstition seems to have approached its height about the end of the fifteenth century. In his bull of 1484, Pope Innocent charged inquisitors and others to discover and destroy all such as were guilty of witchcraft. This commission was put into the hands of a wretch called Sprenger, with directions that it should be put in force to its fullest extent. Immediately there followed a regular form of process and trial for suspected witches, entitled *Malleus Maleficarum*, or a Hammer for Witches, upon which all judges were called scrupulously to act. The edict of 1484 was subsequently enforced by a bull of Alexander VI. in 1494, of Leo X. in 1521, and of Adrian VI. in 1522, each adding strength to its predecessor, and the whole serving to increase the agitation of the public mind upon the subject. The results were dreadful. A panic fear of witchcraft took possession of society. Every one was at the mercy of his neighbour. If any one felt an unaccountable illness, or a peculiar pain in any part of his body, or suffered any misfortune in his family or affairs, or if a storm arose and committed any damage by sea or land, or if any cattle died suddenly, or, in short, if any event, circumstance, or thing occurred out of the ordinary routine of daily experience, the cause of it was witchcraft. To be accused was to be doomed, for it rarely happened that proof was wanting, or that condemnation was not followed by execution. Armed with the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the judge had no difficulty in finding reasons for sending the most innocent to the stake. If the accused did not at once confess, they were ordered to be shaved and closely examined for the discovery of devil's marks; it being a tenet in the delusion that the devil, on inaugurating any witch, impressed certain marks on her person; and if any strange mark was discovered, there remained no longer any doubt of the party's guilt. Failing this kind of evidence, torture was applied, and this seldom failed to extort the desired confession from the unhappy victim. A large proportion of the accused witches, in order to avoid these preliminary horrors, confessed the crime in any terms which were dictated to them, and were forthwith led to execution. Other witches, as has been said, seemed to confess voluntarily, being probably either insane persons, or feeble-minded beings, whose reason had been distorted by brooding over the popular witchcraft code. A few extracts from the work of Dr. Hutchinson will show the extent of these proceedings:—

"A.D. 1485. Cumanas, an inquisitor, burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the county of Burlia, in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they may be searched for marks. He continued the prosecutions in the year following, and many fled out of the country."

About this time, Aleist, a famous lawyer, in his *Parerga*, says, "One inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the people rose against the inquisitor, and chased him out of the country."

A.D. 1488. A violent tempest of thunder and lightning in Constance destroyed the corn for four leagues round. The people accused one Anne Mindelin, and one Agnes, for being the cause of it. They confessed and were burnt."

About this time, H. Institor says, one of the inquisitors came to a certain town, that was almost desolate with plague and famine. The report went, that a certain woman, buried not long before, was eating up her winding-sheet, and that the plague would not cease till she had made an end of it. This matter being taken into consideration, Scultetus, with the chief magistrate of the city, opened the grave, and found that she had indeed swallowed and devoured one-half of her winding-sheet. Scultetus, moved with horror at the thing, drew out his sword, and cut off her head, and threw it into a ditch, and immediately the plague ceased! and, the inquisition sitting upon the case, it was found that she had long been a reputed witch."

A.D. 1524. About this time a thousand were burned in one year, in the diocese of Como, and a hundred per annum for several years together."

From other authorities it is learned that the devastation was as great in Spain, France, and northern Germany, as it was in the Italian states. About the year 1513, five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in three months, and in France many thousands. An able writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, sums up the following particulars respecting the executions for witchcraft in some of the German states.

"In Germany, to which indeed the bull of Innocent bore particular reference, this plague raged to a degree



almost inconceivable: Bainberg, Paderborn, Wurtzburg, and Treves, were its chief seats, though for a century and a half after the introduction of the trials under the commission, no quarter of that great empire was free from its baneful influence. A catalogue of the executions at Wurtzburg for the period from 1627 to February 1629, about two years and two months, is printed by Hauber in the conclusion of his third volume of the *Acta et Scripta Magica*. It is regularly divided into 29 burnings, and contains the names of 157 persons, Hauber stating at the same time that the catalogue is not complete. It is impossible to peruse this list without shuddering with horror. The greater part of this catalogue consists of old women or foreign travellers, seized, as it would appear, as foreigners were at Paris during the days of Marat and Robespierre: it contains children of twelve, eleven, ten, and nine years of age; fourteen vicars of the cathedral; two boys of noble families, the two little sons of the senator Stolzenburg; a stranger boy; a blind girl; Gobel Babelin, the handsomest girl in Wurtzburg, &c. And yet, frightful as this list of 157 persons executed in two years appears, the number is not (taking the population of Wurtzburg into view) so great as the Lindheim process from 1660 to 1664; for in that small district, consisting at the very utmost of six hundred inhabitants, thirty persons were condemned and put to death, making a twentieth part of the whole population consumed in four years.

How dreadful are the results to which these data lead! If we take 157 as a fair average of the executions at Wurtzburg (and the catalogue itself states that the list was by no means complete), the amount of executions there in the course of the century preceding 1628, would be 15,700. We know that from 1610 to 1680 was the great epoch of the witch trials, and that so late as 1749, Maria Renata was executed at Wurtzburg for witchcraft; and though in the interval between 1660 and that date, it is to be hoped that the number of these horrors had diminished, there can be little doubt that several thousands fall to be added to the amount already stated. If Bainberg, Paderborn, Treves, and the other Catholic bishoprics, whose zeal was not less ardent, furnished an equal contingent, and if the Protestants, as we know, actually vied with them in the extent to which these cruelties were carried, the number of victims from the date of Innocent's bull to the final extinction of these prosecutions, must considerably exceed 100,000 in Germany.\*

While these horrors were transacting on the continent, the superstition was attended with similar effects in Britain; but of these we postpone any notice till a future occasion.

#### LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

A SIMPLE STORY.

SOME years ago there lived in a little town in one of the southern counties of England, an old watchmaker and his son, the latter a person of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and bearing the name of Hugh—Hugh Barton. The father, named Simon, was a widower, and laboured hard at his trade along with his son, the two sticking to their employment from sunrise till bedtime, whenever they had work to stick to; and this was almost always the case, for there are comparatively few instances of a thoroughly willing and good tradesman being long in want of employment. Nevertheless, in spite of their incessant toiling, and although they never went into company, Simon and his son were always miserably clothed, and lived in the very meanest way. Hence, the people of the town formed the idea that they were avaricious, and given to pinching and hoarding at the cost of all the comforts of life. They gave to Simon the familiar name of "the Miser." As for Hugh, they thought no better of him; and whenever they spoke of him, their common sneer was, "Like father, like son."

Near to the humble dwelling of the watchmakers, there lived, in a still humbler dwelling, an old beggar and his daughter. Old Michael Blane was a mendicant of the better order, and lived rather upon stated and voluntary charity, than upon casual and courted contributions. Yet he was poorly enough off, to be sure. His residence and usual begging station being close by the habitation of the Bartons, the attention of the neighbours used to be arrested by this juxtaposition of *real* and *fictitious* indigence, and many remarks were made, very unfavourable to the watchmakers, and, on the other hand, very advantageous to Michael Blane. They gave their pity and their pittance to poor old Michael, but their contempt to his neighbours. The former was almost loved and respected by them, being thought poor because he could not help it; while the watchmaker and his son were despised as being willing slaves to privation and misery. They pointed the finger at the "mean old hux," as they called Simon, on all occasions.

Simon Barton seemed to care nothing for all this;

he bore it coolly and stoically. He pursued his own way, without swerving aside for an instant on account of the jeers he was subjected to. He wrought hard, spent nothing that he could keep, and gave away not a penny in charity, either to Michael Blane or any body else. Hugh followed the same course; but it was noticed that the young man sometimes spoke to the old mendicant's daughter, Mary, and even made her presents of some little ornamental trifles of his own workmanship. Mary Blane was pretty; and such was the odium which the silent and reserved young watchmaker had incurred with the public, though chiefly on his father's account, that they hesitated not to say he had evil intentions with respect to the poor girl. Some very good-natured people went the length of saying so to Michael, and bade him take care. The old man did appear affected and influenced by the suggestion, as Hugh Barton was seen to speak less afterwards to the beggar's girl.

Many years had passed over the heads of these parties, and they still remained in the same condition, separately and relatively. At length (as the story was told by those who knew the circumstances well) Mary Blane came running one evening to the house of the clergyman of the place, and, with tears in her eyes, bade him come to her father, who was dying. The good parson hurried to the beggar's dwelling, and there found old Michael stretched on his humble pallet. He seemed to be in a state of the greatest distress, though of a mental as much as a bodily character. He expressed the greatest fears to the clergyman on the subject of death, declaring himself unfit to die, and certain of dreadful punishment afterwards. His spiritual attendant tried to bring him to a state of greater calmness; and, finally, Michael became composed enough to disclose the source of his uneasiness and fears.

"Oh! sir," said he, "I am a guilty wretch! For ten years, now, that I have been in this town, I have basely usurped the esteem and charity of the good people around, and have allowed scorn and insult to fall on the head of poor Simon Barton, the watchmaker! Yes, sir, I have stolen the respect that was due to him alone, and have sat down in quiet, and seen injuries heaped through me on his honest grey hairs! But I will make some amends—I will do him right yet, as far as I can."

Simon Barton, sir, lived in the same town with me, before either of us came here. He there suffered heavy pecuniary losses—by a misfortune no man could avoid—at a time when he was in my debt for a very considerable sum. We both came hither, he to work, and I, who was fully younger than he, and had less occasion, every way, to take such a step—I came to beg. Good, honest, and industrious, Simon imposed on himself and his son the severest labour, and the proceeds of all their toils he brought to me, with the exception of the smallest pittance to keep himself and his boy in life. No mortal knew the full extent of the privations to which they subjected themselves for this end; and how patiently they bore the insults which were heaped upon them, by those who were ignorant that the men they abused were acting upon a principle of self-denial of the noblest kind! Simon would not deceive them; I had done him a favour when he became my debtor, and he would not reveal what would have turned the tide of abuse from himself upon me."

The old beggar paused for a moment, with an expression of shame and remorse upon his countenance. "Simon Barton," he then continued, "was still more sharply tried, and still through me. You remember, sir, when this place, where I now lie, took fire, some two years ago. The debt of Simon was then more than half paid. The watchmaker and his boy were the first to come to my aid; but in place of feeling grateful for this service, I adopted, Heaven forgive me for it! an evil suspicion against them. Simon, I thought, had wished to destroy my proof of his debt, and had set fire to the house himself. In reality, after the flames were extinguished, I could not find the document establishing my claim against him. I was greatly alarmed, but said nothing, for obvious reasons. Some days passed away, and then Simon came one morning to me, holding in his hand a scrap of half burnt paper. 'Look at what the wind had blown away, Michael,' said he; 'I found this in the ditch behind our house.' I looked, and saw that it was the very paper missing; but it was useless—the fire had burned the essential part of it, and I knew that I had no legal claim against the watchmaker."

In the rage of the moment, my suspicions being strengthened, I grasped Simon by the collar, and exclaimed, 'Rascal! you have robbed me—you did all this mischief on purpose!' What more I said, I do not know; but I clutched Simon as if I would have strangled him, till, being necessitated to do so, and being much stronger than I, he shook me off, and set me down on a seat. 'You do not know me,' said he, with the greatest calmness; and taking a considerable sum of money from his pocket, he laid it down before me, saying at the same time, 'I have had good work these two months past, and here is the money for it. This clears a good part of what now remains of my debt; and as for the rest—of which the destruction of that paper would acquit me—see here!' He then held out a slip to me; it was a new and proper ac-

knowledge, which he had drawn out, for the remainder of the debt!

Ah, would you believe it, sir?" continued the dying beggar; "I was as suspicious and hard to Simon Barton afterwards, as ever! He continued to toil on, and bear patiently with the appellation given to him of 'a mean miser,' though it was on me, whom every body countenanced and treated well, that that name should have fallen. *Avarice* has been my evil spirit. Simon paid up his debt. The last payment was made within these few weeks, and I believe that it is from my ceasing to look with the greedy suspicion of a creditor upon him, that I have at last been led to reflect on the real nature of his conduct and of mine, and to do him justice. I have become ill, both in body and mind, from thinking of these things, and feel that I am now dying."

I have but one thing more to say. Hugh Barton is a good lad, and has been his father's friend and confidant. My poor girl, who has been a friend to her father too, but who has never till this hour been—and well for her—his confidant—at least in some part of his actions—she is liked by Hugh, and she likes him. I formerly forbade her to speak to the lad. Now, it is my dearest wish that she should marry him. Perhaps Simon will then forgive me. Lift the corner stone out of the wall on the right side of the fire (the old man pointed to the spot), and you will find all my money. Part of it was gained before I was a beggar, and from fair earnings. Simon's money is also there. Mary (continued the old man, addressing his weeping girl), you will be happy with Hugh; he has been taught in a good school—"Like father, like son."

Michael Blane had the pleasure, before he died, of receiving Simon Barton's forgiveness. As he wished justice to be done openly to the good name of the watchmaker, the story was told by the clergyman, with as much tenderness as possible to Michael's memory. It soon spread abroad. The tide of public opinion underwent an instantaneous revulsion, and the Bartons became every where as much honoured as they had been despised. They took the praise as calmly as they had borne the scorn; having done what they did, not for the applause of others, but for the gratification of their own sense of honour and rectitude. Hugh Barton, after being married to Mary Blane, did not belie the words of her father. To him was ever applicable, through life, but in a very different sense from that in which it had once been applied to him, the proverbial saying, "Like Father, like Son."

#### SPITALFIELDS AND ITS WEAVERS.\*

THE district of Spitalfields, now included within the north-eastern boundaries of the metropolis, is the oldest seat of the silk manufacture in England, and though in a greatly fallen off condition, still employs several thousand looms. Anciently the district was an open space of ground without the city walls, belonging to the Hospital or 'Spital of St Austin—hence its present name—and it was not till about the beginning of the last century that it became fully covered with houses, or was made a seat of the silk manufacture. The immediate cause of this change in its condition was the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1685, when at least 50,000 refugees, most of them weavers and other craftsmen, arrived from France, and threw themselves upon the charity of the English nation. In consequence of previous religious persecutions on the continent, many thousands of silk weavers had arrived in England and been permitted to reside and carry on their trade at Canterbury; the new host of refugees, having spread to the metropolis, were permitted to settle in Spitalfields, and relieved from immediate starvation by a parliamentary vote of £15,000 per annum. We should suppose this munificent donation did not require to be long continued, for the weavers of Spitalfields quickly became very flourishing; and in 1713 the silk trade had attained such importance, that upwards of 300,000 persons were maintained by it in England.

For a considerable time the population of Spitalfields might be considered as exclusively French. That language was universally spoken, and even within the memory of persons now living, worship continued to be performed in French in the chapels originally erected by the pious refugees. The district, though a suburb of London, might not improperly have been called Petty France. French songs were sung in the streets, there were French coffee-houses, and all social intercourse was strongly marked by French manners. The houses, also, had a dash of the old French style about them; many of them had porticoes, with seats at their doors, where the weavers might be seen on summer evenings enjoying their pipes, and chatting in their own language upon subjects which

\* The above article is drawn up from Dr Mitchell's Report to Parliament on the Condition of the Hand-Loom Weavers, a document written with much ability, and from which we have already made some interesting extracts.



employed their leisure hours. This very agreeable and old-fashioned state of things lasted through the greater part of the last century. But the golden age of Spitalfields, like every other golden age, had its day, and the time came when French was scarcely heard spoken, when the coffee-houses were transformed into tap-rooms, when the porticoes and summer-seats were removed from the doors to make way for straight lines of pavement and lamp-posts, and all else peculiar was vulgarised down into modern English expediency. Before proceeding, however, with the history of the decline and ultimate prostration of Spitalfields, let us pause one moment over the glorious old French era, when prices were prices, and the intellectual and physical condition of the Spitalfieldians was something very different from what it is in these degenerate days.

The weavers of Spitalfields were long noted as a class for their sprightly and intelligent character. They were artists in their profession, addicted to scientific studies, and cultivated a number of harmless and exhilarating amusements. Many men who attained eminence in different branches of practical science, were originally from Spitalfields. The well-known Dollond, senior, the improver of the telescope, was at one time a weaver; Simpson and Edwards were also weavers, and from this employment they were taken by government to teach mathematics at Woolwich and Chatham. Respecting Mr Simpson, the following anecdote is told: it affords an example of modest merit happily discovered and rewarded. "After the publication of his *Treatise on Fluxions*, in 1737, and while living and working as a weaver in a garret in Angel Alley, Bishopsgate Street, he was waited upon by a gentleman to engage him as a teacher of the mathematics to the cadets at Woolwich. The gentleman gave a lad a few halfpence to find out Simpson, and tell him that he wished to speak with him. Simpson came down from the loom in a green baize apron, very meanly dressed. The gentleman said, 'I want to see Mr Simpson'; to which he replied, 'I am Mr Simpson!' 'But I want to see the Mr Simpson,' said the gentleman. 'I am the Mr Simpson,' was the reply. 'But I want to see the Mr Simpson who wrote the work on fluxions,' said the still incredulous gentleman. 'I am the Mr Simpson who wrote the work on fluxions,' was the reply, 'and if you will come up stairs, I will show you the manuscript at the loom.' The gentleman did so, was satisfied, and engaged him; and on asking when he would commence, was answered, 'When I have finished the piece of goods in the loom.' After Mr Simpson's appointment to the professorship of mathematics at Woolwich, he wrote and edited several works on geometry and algebra, which are still among the best extant.

With such men as Simpson among them, the Spitalfield weavers of these times originated a number of scientific and other societies. The Spitalfields Mathematical Society was second in point of time to the Royal Society, and still exists. There was an Historical Society, which was merged in the Mathematical Society. There was a Floricultural Society, very numerously attended, but now extinct. The weavers were almost the only botanists of their day in the metropolis. They passed their leisure hours in their little gardens in the environs, and there generally the whole family dined on Sundays in small summer-houses about the size of modern omnibuses, with a fireplace at one end. There was also an Entomological Society, and they were the first entomologists in the kingdom; the society exists no longer. They had a Recitation Society for Shakspearian readings, as well as reading other works, which is now almost forgotten. They had a Musical Society, but this also has perished. There was a Columbarian Society, which gave a silver medal as a prize for the best pigeon of a fancy breed, chosen by the society on show; this society is extinct, but the fondness for pigeons still remains, and a few flights are kept, more for profit than amusement. Many anecdotes are told of the extreme attention paid by the weavers to their pigeons, and their fondness for them. They were great bird-fanciers and breeders of canaries, and still in some instances keep a few songsters to cheer their quiet hours at the loom. Some cultivated a particular breed of spaniels called splashers, which they delighted to exercise at odd leisure hours; but the number of these animals is much diminished.

The existence and strong support of such societies and amusements as have been described, prove that in former days the weavers were in comparatively easy circumstances, and were, for their rank in life, a refined body of men. We are not, however, to suppose that the whole of them spent their time and money in this way. With a large portion of the weavers, the animal enjoyments adapted to their condition were the chief objects of desire. One of the old weavers still alive mentions that "Monday was generally a day of rest; Tuesday was not severe labour; Saturday was a day to go to the warehouse, and that was an easy day for the weaver. In those times we could afford to have balls, and to go and spend money at fairs, and we could afford to take our wives and families to a tea-garden; but it is as much as we can do now, working hard all the week, and sometimes on Sunday besides, to be able to get a bare living, and such as work so many hours destroy their health and strength."

There is still a remnant of the love of gardening among the Spitalfields weavers. On the east of Bethnal-Green is situated an enclosure of about six acres of ground, called Sanderson's Gardens. This space is divided into 170 small gardens, some larger than others, and each separated by palings from the others, as well as from the intersecting pathways. In almost every garden is a neat summer-house, where the weaver and his family may enjoy themselves on Sundays and holidays, and where they usually dine and take tea. Much care is bestowed on the cultivation of these spots. When visited in June 1838, some of the gardens had cabbages, lettuces, and peas, but most of the cultivators had a far loftier ambition. Many had tulip beds, in which the proprietors not a little gloried, and over which they had screens which protected them from the sun and from the storm. There had been a contest for a silver medal amongst the tulip proprietors. There were many other flowers of a high order; and it was expected that the show of dahlias for that season would not fail to bring glory to Spitalfields.

Having given an account of the weavers in former times, we now turn to a sketch of their recent and present condition. The first fact which it is important to notice, is, that the number of Spitalfields weavers is very greatly reduced from what it was at any time last century. According to the investigations of Dr Mitchell, the following was the number of looms, and individuals employed upon them, in July 1838. Looms worked by men, 5098; by women, 3395; by boys, 440; by girls, 296; by apprentice boys, 61; by apprentice girls, 12; total, 9302 looms, which belonged to 4299 families. Of these 9302 looms, 2527 were employed in weaving velvets; 24, jacquard velvets; 499, jacquard or figured goods; and 6252, plain goods. There is no doubt a small additional remnant of looms and weavers beyond what has been ascertained, as some individual weavers work towards Stepney and Poplar, and a small number at Greenwich; but, estimating the whole, it does not appear that there are more than 10,500 looms employed in the silk manufacture in and about London.

The weavers of Spitalfields are employed by manufacturers, or persons who deal in velvet and other silk goods, and from these they receive certain weekly wages for their labour. The introduction of machinery at Manchester and elsewhere, and the excessive competition among employers to produce low-priced goods, also changes in taste, have conspired to abridge the number of weavers, and to lower their wages. In July 1838, the highest average weekly earnings were for the finest work, waistcoat velvets, 20s., and, the lowest, for plain work, light satins, 8s. 6d. But from these and all intermediate prices, 3s. are to be deducted for the weaver's necessary expenses, thus materially lowering the exact amount of earnings. It appears from the tabular statements given in by employers, that the individual weekly wages vary from 4s. 1d. to 17s.; but that from 9s. to 12s. is more commonly paid. "Mr Cole, and a committee of weavers, handed in a list of 20 plain weavers, employing, between them and the members of their families, 37 looms, and whose united wages amounted to L.14, 14s. 11d.; this would give nearly 11s. 6d. a loom, and deducting 3s. expenses, would leave 8s. 6d. as the net earnings per loom per week." With respect to the 3s. for expenses, this is in most cases gained by the children of the family; so that it is often no real deduction from the family income. Some parents let out their children at from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 2d. per week each. The child receives the odd 2d. in these sums.

"Mr Thomas Heath, of No. 8, Pedley Street, has been represented by many persons as one of the most skilful workmen in Spitalfields. He handed in about forty samples of figured silk done by him, and they appear exceedingly beautiful. This weaver also gave a minute and detailed account of all his earnings for 430 weeks, being upwards of eight years, with the names of the manufacturers and the fabrics at which he worked. The sum of the gross earnings for 430 weeks is £322, 3s. 4d., being about 14s. 11d., say 15s. per week. He estimates his expenses at 4s., which would leave 11s. net wages; but take the expenses at 3s. 6d., it is still only 11s. 6d. He states his wife's earnings at about 3s. a-week. He gives the following remarkable evidence:—

Q.—Have you any children? A.—No; I had two, but they are both dead, thanks be to God!

Do you express satisfaction at the death of your children?—I do; I thank God for it. I am relieved from the burden of maintaining them, and they, poor dear creatures, are relieved from the troubles of this mortal life.

There are many persons who represent the earnings of weavers at your branch as much higher than what you state!—Many persons deceive themselves by omitting to take into account the time which they lose by 'play'; that is, the time which we are unemployed. I took home a piece to-day, which I had wove in six days, and I got 30s. for it. Some people would say that my earnings were 30s. a-week; but it is no such thing. I paid 4s. expenses, which reduces the amount to 26s., and then it will probably be a week of play before I am set to work again. The manufacturer will wait until he can get an order for what I am doing; he will do no work on the chance of sale; so it will be only 13s. a-week. I have been as fortunate as most of my trade. I have never been discharged altogether; I have always been attached to some

warehouse; but then I have had a great deal of play, as others have had. I have not been able to buy a coat for these five years.

What rent do you pay?—A more proper question would be, what rent ought I to pay! Paying rents is become an unusual thing with the weavers. I ought to pay 5s. 6d. a-week; and that is one hardship on the trade, that we must pay so much rent. A bricklayer or a carpenter can get a place to live in for 1s. 6d. a-week; but we must have a large house, well lighted at the top, to enable us to do our business. I was obliged to get an opening made in the ceiling, which was only eight feet high, which is the usual height of the rooms, in order to place my jacquard machine, which requires a height of ten feet. My place is quite out of repair, and I can get nothing done.

What does your landlord say?—He says, that as he can get no rent, he cannot afford to do any repairs. I have heard that a great many landlords in Bethnal-Green have considered that, after paying all the outlay, their property was not worth holding, and have abandoned it accordingly.

All concur in representing the houses and streets inhabited by the weavers as of the poorest and most unwholesome description. The houses are generally of two stories, built of brick, and having damp foundations. The streets are mere roadways, composed of earthy and soft rubbish, and destitute of common sewers or drains. Living in such wretched places, and insufficiently fed, the weavers of Spitalfields exhibit a physical condition marked by general feebleness and liability to disease. The long hours of labour in ill-ventilated apartments have the most detrimental effect on the health. The work being often at intervals, great diligence is required to make up for necessarily idle time. Mr William Garland being asked, "What hours do you work?" he replied, "When I have full employment, I work in the summer from six in the morning until dark; and in winter I work from daylight frequently to eleven at night." From this, however, hours for meals are to be deducted. Another weaver says he works, when fully employed, thirteen hours a-day; and he adds, "Some work much longer. You will sometimes hear the looms going at two or three in the morning; and besides that, in some of the back streets and courts and alleys, where the poorest class of weavers dwell, you will see lights and hear the looms on Sunday evenings."

From other evidence it appears that the weaving population, male and female, are by no means indisposed to work on Sundays, for few attend any place of public worship; some excuse themselves from going to church on account of a lack of proper clothing, but the greater proportion are above this piece of hypocrisy, and flatly say they went go, as they prefer spending their time otherwise. A very common way of spending Sunday, as we are told, consists in "sitting together to talk on indifferent subjects, and accompanying their conversation with occasional sips from a pot of porter." The weaver's wife, unfortunately, is too often engaged in working as well as her husband during the week, and therefore Sunday is adopted by her as the only day for washing, mending clothes, and executing other duties in her household, all which has also a tendency to lower the moral tone of the family. Notwithstanding these degrading circumstances in the weaver's condition, as well as a general inability to read or receive any instruction from the products of the press, it is gratifying to find that the Spitalfields weavers are, upon the whole, a well-behaved body of men, and remarkable, in particular, for their honesty. Dr Mitchell, in the Report before us, offers the following statement on this point:—"From all the information which I have been able to obtain, the impression on my mind is, that there is far less embezzlement than previous accounts, and the reports respecting such matters in the north of England and in Scotland, would have led me to expect. Many of the manufacturers are ready to speak highly of the honesty of the operatives as a body; and when it is recollected how often the weaver is in deep distress, and has a portable and saleable property under his absolute control, it is no small trial of his virtue under such circumstances to restrain himself. There is undeniable evidence that amongst some select bodies of weavers, the embezzlement is so small as to be almost an invisible fraction." To ensure care in the management of the property of manufacturers, the weavers have societies among themselves, and the protection which these afford against embezzlement reduces the loss to the merest trifle. In the case of the weavers of one society, the deficiency is little more than 1d. per L.100 of property committed to the weavers' care; and, as observed by Dr Mitchell, "honesty beyond this we can hardly expect ever in this world to find."

Within the Spitalfields district there are a number of schools, supported partly by religious bodies or societies, and at which the usual fee for instruction is 1d. per week. The schools are pretty well attended, though only by a fraction of the juvenile population. Of 14,000 children, between the ages of five and fourteen, in the parish of Bethnal-Green, there are less than 3000 receiving daily school instruction, or an average throughout of 1 in 5. It is alleged that the small fee of 1d. per week acts as a serious bar to the greater spread of education among the weavers' children; but this we have great reason to doubt. The chief impediment here, as elsewhere, to education, seems to be the necessity which the parents are under to make



something by the labour of their children, in order to eke out the means for the family subsistence. Be this as it may, the case is deplorable, and well deserves the public attention. The instruction which is given to the fraction who attend school, is meagre in the extreme, and has no sensible effect in elevating the intellectual capacities of the people.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## LIVING ON THE CONTINENT.

MANY persons enjoying but moderate incomes have a desire to follow the example of numerous absentees of fortune, by going to reside somewhere on the continent. In those cases in which the comparatively severe climate of Britain produces an injurious effect on the health, it may be advisable to proceed abroad; but in almost all other cases, as, for instance, for the sake of cheap living, a permanent residence in a foreign country is not to be recommended. It is of importance to make our meaning clear on this point. In many places upon the continent, certain articles of meat and drink, as bread, beef, vegetables, wines, and spirits, are considerably lower in price than in any part of England; house rent is also much lower; but most other things are either dearer, or cannot be had at any money. The comforts we daily enjoy consist of innumerable trifles; and unless these be obtained with tolerable ease, it matters little that a few pence, or it may be a few shillings, are saved weekly in the purchase of bread, and one or two other necessities.

The English, generally speaking, who reside abroad, are not to be envied. For the sake of cheapness they may have planted themselves in one of the neat little German towns on the Upper Rhine, or in some part of France; but we doubt very much if in the long run they save money by being absentees, or if their comforts, all things considered, be equal to what they could have procured at home. The following are the drawbacks to which they must in general submit—Winters of more intense cold than in Britain; houses built more for show than comfort, and extremely ill adapted for the severities of the cold season; no coal; wood for fuel very dear; many small luxuries or necessities, of tropical product, not to be had, or excessively high-priced, being loaded with duties from England; all kinds of furniture of a poor description, as, for example, plain rush-bottomed chairs; carpets, none; no grates, fire-irons, or fenders, brick stoves being generally used; many houses without bells; the towns at night badly lighted; malt-liquors execrable; needles, pins, nails, and all kinds of metal articles, either imported from England and dear, or of bad native manufacture; most kinds of clothing, ditto. To these disagreeable points may be added—the prevalence of a strange tongue, manners, medical practice, and religion. The matter can scarcely be said to be mended where there is a pretty numerous circle of English residents, because it may happen that some of these are persons who have gone abroad for the mere sake of enjoying a cheap indulgence in certain kinds of liquors, gaming, or some frivolous species of amusement, and with whom it might not be agreeable to associate.

In all points of view, a permanent residence in any part of continental Europe is not to be recommended, on the score of great cheapness of living, health, or general comfort. There are, doubtless, many places where a foreign residence may be rendered agreeable in the way of variety, and change of scene, but only for a few months in summer or autumn. Those who wish to make a small income go as far as possible, have an opportunity of doing so to good advantage within the compass of the United Kingdom. There are places in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, fully as healthful, far more comfortable, and, probably, as cheap as most of the crack places of living on the continent. The truth is, many rush to the continent to do that by compulsion which they could as well do voluntarily at home. They will submit to privations in Germany, which would be considered too great a degradation in England. The same cheapness of living may be attained here as abroad, provided we sink to that stage of comfort which the continent generally yields. There are few cottages of our peasantry which are not more comfortable, take them all the year round, and all that they usually contain, than the palaces in most parts of the continent; their bedding, their furniture, their cooking and eating apparatus, even the handles of their doors, and window fastenings, are all superior. It is evident, therefore, that cheapness is only of comparative value, and may be procured at too dear a rate. This, as well as the preceding hints, we leave to the consideration of those who may have formed a design to leave their native country for a foreign residence.

## USE OF FLANNEL.

No modern improvement in dressing has proved so beneficial to health, as the use of a woollen garment

next the skin. This simple expedient has saved many lives, and would save many more, if adopted to a greater extent, and better understood. The subject is to the last degree commonplace; but as it involves a question of very serious importance, we hope to be allowed to say a word or two regarding it. In our variable climate, although we know nothing of extremes of heat or cold, we are constantly liable to be chilled or overwarmed, both within and without doors, and it is of importance that we should adopt such clothing as will suit either of these conditions, and prevent us from feeling the change. Flannel effects this desirable object. It keeps our persons warm when exposed to cold, and in the case of heat relieves us by becoming an absorbent for moisture, which it throws off insensibly, leaving the skin in a state of comparative comfort. Flannel utterly fails in accomplishing these points. Flannel is thus equally useful in summer as in winter. Some persons imagine that it should be employed only in the winter and cold spring months, and they consequently throw it off on the approach of summer. This is a dangerous fallacy. Flannel should be worn all the year round, never left off for a single day on any account. If thrown off from an idea that the weather is getting warm, the skin becomes immediately exposed to the atmospheric influence; the perspiration, if any, cools on the person; the unprotected pores shrink and close; catarrh, or some other disease, under the general name of "a bad cold," ensues; and the victim of imprudence perhaps barely escapes with his life. We strongly recommend all persons whatsoever to avoid this great error, as they value their health or their lives. To wear flannel properly, it should remain upon the person both day and night, and be shifted only once a-week, or thereabouts, according to circumstances. Too frequent shifting is injurious. When employed in this careful manner, and when the tepid bath is also occasionally used, the person is preserved in that comfortable and proper condition, exteriorly, which is most conducive to health and longevity.

## MR P. E. TURNBULL'S TRAVELS IN AUSTRIA.\*

MR TURNBULL, accompanied by his brother, employed the years 1834-5-6 in making a tour of various countries of Europe; and he now publishes his observations on the Austrian Empire in two volumes, the first being descriptive of his journeyings and what he saw of the external features of the country, while the second is devoted to a view of its social and political condition, under the various heads, religion, education, finances, jurisprudence, domestic and foreign policy, &c. He is evidently no hater of the present forms of society and government under the three great monarchies of Eastern Europe; at the same time, he seems moderate and candid, and is probably, therefore, no unfaithful reporter. His second volume is by many degrees the more valuable of the two; but its contents are the least calculated for notice in the present place, and we therefore pass it entirely over. The volume of travels is the cheerful narrative of a man of good education and respectable powers of observation, and one who, from his allusions and his general tone, may be presumed to have moved, abroad as well as at home, in what is called good society.

One of the most interesting parts of the volume relates to a visit which the author paid to the exiled royal family of France, at a retired country-house which they occupied about thirteen English miles from Prague. As a friend of the Baron de Damas, governor to the Duc de Bordeaux, Mr Turnbull had been admitted to familiar intercourse with that young prince before the Revolution, and he still looked back with melancholy pleasure to those days. "Puschtierrad," says he, "is a valuable domain belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but its value consists in the abundance of its products, not in its natural beauty or artificial decoration. The country around is cheerless and bare of trees.

The rude shrubberies immediately near it can hardly be dignified with the name of pleasure-grounds; and the chateau itself is a large long building of two stories in height, generally of one room only in depth, with all the windows fronting the north, and the doors opening into corridors, which on the southern side run along the whole extent of the façade. On arriving there, I found on the doors of each room along the corridors, except those immediately occupied by the royal personages, cards affixed with the names of their respective tenants. No attendant appeared about the passages, or the rooms within, or the courts without—all was still and silent, and gave the idea of a monastery rather than a palace.

In this gloomy and cheerless dwelling, which seemed to harmonise too faithfully with the fortunes of its

present inhabitants, were now assembled the old King Charles X., the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, Mademoiselle, and the Duke de Bordeaux; together with a few attached adherents, who still followed the fortunes and formed the little court of him whom they regarded as their lawful sovereign. The Cardinal de Latil had lately taken his departure for Rome. The Baron de Damas and the Duchess de Gontaut, who had directed the education of the prince and princess, had been compelled by circumstances of a peculiar and painful nature, to quit their charge, and had retired into France. Some others who were properly members of the establishment, were absent in other parts; and those now at Puschtierrad were the Duke de Blacas, the Duke de Polignac, the Count O'Hegerty, the Abbé Fraissinous, M. de Barante, the Countess d'Agout, and one or two other ladies in attendance on the Duchess d'Angoulême and Mademoiselle. My first visit was to the young duke, who was now in his fifteenth year. When I had seen him at Paris, and afterwards immediately on his arrival at Lulworth, he was of slim and delicate form, full of vivacity, but, in appearance at least, of rather doubtful health. I now found him a fine stout healthy youth, with the Bourbon features strongly marked, and a clear ruddy complexion. He was by no means tall for his age; but his figure was broad and thick-set, and gave indications that in this respect he would rather resemble his father than his grandfather. On his intellectual powers, our interview was too short and too constrained to allow me to form any accurate judgment; for that frank and free communication which I might have expected under the high authority of M. de Damas, was not permitted by the gentleman now acting as his tutor, who remained by his side during the whole of my visit, and to whom I was personally a perfect stranger. The young prince expressed pleasure at seeing me, although it is not very probable that at his age he would have remembered with any distinctness the smaller circumstances which had occurred several years before; but it appeared to me, from some indications, that he felt a painful consciousness of the change of his condition, and of the altered circumstances under which he was now placed. Be this as it may, the tutor seemed decidedly desirous to repress rather than to encourage his observations, by interfering to assume the conversation to himself; and thus leaving me little more than the opportunity of forming a general opinion, that he was altogether a fine and promising boy. In the Duchess d'Angoulême, to whose apartments I next proceeded, I saw little change. She was suffering from a severe cold, but otherwise her health was good; and to say that her general tone was melancholy and dejected, is only to say that she was, in the exile of Puschtierrad, what she had been in her brightest hours at Paris. She spoke much of her nephew, of his clearness of intellect, and his close application to his studies—but without the expression of any sanguine expectations of the future; and, indeed, the sad retrospect of her own past life would afford little encouragement for the illusions of hope. However opinions may differ as to this princess, with reference to the political tendencies of her character, it is impossible to reflect on the sorrows of her life without a sentiment of deep compassion. After a childhood of royal splendour, her earliest remembrances are those of the prison and the scaffold. She saw her parents led forth to public execution—she was herself conveyed from the cells of the Temple to pass twenty years in exile, little alleviated by domestic happiness. Her entrance into Paris after this protracted banishment was rendered to her a period of anguish; for, by some unfortunate arrangement, she was made to pass over the site of the prison where herself and her parents had been immured; and I well remember (for I was a spectator of the scene) the agitated and almost convulsive expression of her countenance, during the celebration of the Te Deum at Notre Dame, which preceded her approach to the Tuilleries. Short was the interval after she had resumed her position in the palace of her ancestors ere she was again driven forth into foreign exile; and I now beheld her, after her third emigration, in the dreary monastic solitude of Puschtierrad. Her main support here was that strong and deep religious fervour, which, during the short period of her prosperity, may have been sometimes lamented as excessive, but in which she now found a firm and un-failing consolation.

Strongly contrasted with the appearance and demeanour of this unhappy princess, were those of the aged monarch. I was introduced into his apartment by the Duke de Blacas, and was honoured with a very long and agreeable interview. His tall thin figure looked even more lank than in former days, owing to the long brown frock, or rather greatcoat, in which he was arrayed, which closed tight round his slender form, and descended to his heels. He stooped much; but otherwise, although now in his seventy-eighth year, he showed little marks of age, and his countenance and manner were lively and animated. Charles X. was still, as he had ever been, a fine specimen of the old French gentleman—kind and familiar in his address, polished but easy in his manner, and gay in the midst of adversity. With him, was neither restraint nor melancholy; and, as he chatted familiarly of France, and Spain, and England, of the events of his own past life, and of the fortunes which he trusted might hereafter beam upon his house, I am willing to hope that he may have de-

\* Austria. By Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. 2 vols. London, Murray. 1846.



rived a momentary satisfaction from the visit of disinterested respect thus paid to him by one, who, however comparatively lowly in station, and however discordant from him in many important points of opinion, still retained a grateful remembrance of the kindnesses and hospitalities received within the walls of his palace, during the days of his royal domination. The French volatility with which he passed rapidly from subject to subject, was sometimes tempered with a feeling, not mournful but pensive, with which he alluded to his own advanced age, and the doubtful expectations he entertained (for he seemed not wholly bereft of hope) of another restoration for himself. His anticipations in favour of his grandson were expressed in more sanguine terms. He spoke of him with much affection, and said that the great object of himself and his family was to render the young prince worthy of any destinies that might await him. His favourable reception in England, and the attentions shown to him in Scotland, were subjects on which he evidently liked to enlarge, for he resorted to them more than once. He was full of anecdote as to the events of his residence at Holyrood, in the first emigration, and some of them were singular enough; but the circumstances on which he dwelt with most evident satisfaction were those of his favourable reception at Poole and other parts of Dorsetshire, on his last arrival from France; in all of which he had been made to apprehend that he would have met with insult and outrage. His political observations on individuals and parties in the different countries of Europe, would perhaps be of little interest to the reader; but, whether such were the case or not, I cannot permit to myself the publication of opinions and feelings, however in themselves unimportant, expressed in a casual interview by an exiled king. I will only observe, that, in speaking of the existing rulers of France, no unkind expression escaped his lips; and that a sentiment of compassion only, not of anger, appeared to exist in his mind towards those who had been his subjects. More than once I made my half inclination to depart, but the good-natured old sovereign was so full of vivacity, that he still prolonged the interview; and I believe it was owing to some suggestion of the Duke de Blacas, who had, during the whole time, remained in silence near the royal person, that I ultimately received my dismissal.

Charles X. was still in possession of great bodily power, and every autumn enjoyed the pleasures of 'la Chasse' on the domains of certain high Bohemian nobles, with all the relish, and almost all the vigour, of his early years. His confidential friend and principal counsellor was the Duke de Blacas—a nobleman of great wealth and large possessions both in France and Germany, and who sacrificed the pleasures and the luxuries of life, to attend on the person of his former sovereign. As the duke was minister of a kingdom bounded by a garden wall, so Count O'Hogerty was grand-master of the horse to a prince without a stud. The royal establishments were on the most limited scale. The servants were very few; the carriages were hired when required; and of horses, Charles X. was possessor of two only, which were kept for the exercise of the Duke de Bordeaux.

Mr Turnbull remarks with surprise that this poor court was split into two factions, the source of contention being the question whether Charles X. or Henry V. was the legitimate king of France. Charles, it seems, had taken some scruple respecting his abdication, which he could not now be prevailed on to ratify; and this was one cause why the Duchess de Berri succeeded so ill in her enterprise in La Vendee, many royalists refusing to concur in a scheme which had for its object the advancement of the king's grandson to the exclusion of the king himself. Charles X., we are told, afterwards engaged a journal in the south of France to advocate his rights, and the Duchess de Berri immediately bought another to defend the claims of her son. So much was the court of Puschierad torn by these contentions, that some of the individuals composing it actually refused to sit at table with each other! Mr Turnbull seems inclined to fear that the education of the young prince has been conducted on a narrow scale.

Our author's descriptions of Vienna, Prague, Trieste, and other large cities, as also his accounts of the mines, particularly those of Idria, are prominent parts of his book; but we have only space for a short passage relative to the first of those capitals, in which a curious and we should suppose authentic anecdote is given of one of the most remarkable of the present reigning sovereigns of Europe. "One object more I shall mention, before ending the subject of Vienna. It is the vault below the Capucin monastery, in which repose the mortal remains of eighty members of the imperial family, each under his monument of marble. They are chiefly ranged along the walls. A more central spot is occupied by the tomb of Maria Theresa, and not far from it is that wherein are deposited the remains of the late Emperor Francis II. On the 24 of November, All-souls Day, this chamber of death is open to the public; and I have seen it then crowded with curious and well-conducted spectators; but the occasion of my mentioning it at present, is a visit paid to it while we were at Vienna, and which well exhibits the active habits and rapid movements of another imperial personage. One day early in October (1835), when walking in the Herrengasse, one of the principal streets, I noticed the arrival of two open calèches or britannias, in post, which, after a

short halt near the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, proceeded to that of the Russian embassy. The circumstance of the first of these light open carriages having so many as six horses, attracted notice; and it was soon known that the two gentlemen in it, muffled up in cloaks against the rain and cold, were the Emperor Nicholas accompanied by Prince Charles of Liechtenstein, whose attendants followed in the second calèche. The Austrian emperor was at this period absent; accompanied by the imperial princes, and the officers of state, he had been making a tour of inspection through his Bohemian provinces, at the close of which he had met the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia at the conferences at Teplitz, and had returned with them from thence to pass a few days at Prague.

This sudden and rapid visit of the Russian emperor to the Austrian capital at such a moment, was made the subject of singular political speculations, not only at Vienna, but also in most of the foreign journals—all of them, as I believe, without the slightest foundation. The simple fact appears to have been this. Long years of confidential intercourse had produced, in the late and present Russian emperors, a warm personal affection for the late Emperor Francis, whom Alexander used to flatter with the title of his political father. Being so near as Prague, Nicholas determined to visit the tomb and the widow of his departed friend, and he carried this determination into effect with his usual rapidity of movement, and aversion to ceremonious preparation. Calling, one morning, on the Austrian emperor at Prague—'I am come,' said he, 'to ask your majesty's commands for Vienna.' 'How!' said the astonished Ferdinand. 'Are you going to Vienna! When?' 'Immediately—the carriage is at the door,' and he immediately departed, declining the offer of an avant-courier, to make preparations. He took with him Prince Charles of Liechtenstein, as a companion, or aid-de-camp of honour. A courier was dispatched by Ferdinand to announce the important guest; but Nicholas reached Vienna five hours before him. He drove first, as I have observed, to the Russian embassy, where he changed his dress (it was then four o'clock), and proceeded to Schönbrunn, three miles from Vienna—remained some time with the imperial widow who there resided in the greatest seclusion, and returned to pass the evening with the Princess Metternich, whose husband was at Prague. The following morning, having seen two or three persons of his acquaintance, he paid a reverential visit to the tomb of Francis—beside which he continued some time on his knees apparently in prayer. He then went to several shops and bought small articles—called for a few minutes on the archduchess, and on Princess Metternich—went out again to Schönbrunn, and dined at half past one with the empress mother—returned to Vienna, and left it at five o'clock for Prague; which he reached on the third day of his absence, and while Ferdinand was still there."

#### FALCONER AND BRUCE, AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

IN the year 1788, an event took place at Dundee, which excited a great sensation all over Scotland. On the night of the 16th of February, the office of the Dundee Banking Company was broken into, and robbed of the sum of £422, 2s. 6d. It was discovered that the robbery had been effected by means of a hole made in the ceiling, through which the plunderers had effected their entrance and escape. The interests of so wide a circle of persons are involved in the security of a bank, that it was natural for such an occurrence to create much stir and alarm, though the sum stolen was comparatively small. Accordingly, a reward of one hundred and fifty pounds was immediately offered for information respecting the offenders, part of the sum to be paid on conviction. For some time no discovery was made, but at length a person named Alexander Macdonald, tailor in Dundee, came forward and gave information, implicating three individuals, James Falconer and Peter Bruce, merchants in Dundee, and James Dick, late shipmaster there, in the affair of the bank robbery.

On Wednesday the 13th of August, the trial of Falconer and Bruce took place in the Edinburgh Justiciary Court, before Lord Hailes and other judges. Dick had left Dundee before the charge was made against him, and appears to have been out of the way during the whole progress of the business. When Macdonald was brought forward for examination, the leading counsel for the pannels offered some objections to his testimony. The counsel declared himself able to prove that Macdonald was a person of bad general character; that he had once stolen a bill; that he had personated an exciseman, and had made a seizure of tea under that character; besides being guilty of several other illegal acts. But the judges held that a conviction and sentence in a proper court were the only circumstances that could justify the rejection of a party's evidence in a criminal cause. Accordingly, as Macdonald had never been so tried and convicted, he

was allowed to give evidence, although, in addition to the preceding objections, it was also proved that he had claimed the reward offered in the case now under examination; a circumstance which he himself had previously denied to the court in the most positive terms.

Macdonald deposed that, eight months before the commission of the crime, he had been requested by Falconer, Bruce, and Dick, to join them in a plan for robbing the bank, and had been repeatedly spoken to about the same scheme afterwards, being at the same time bound to secrecy by a terrible oath. Two other persons were concerned, according to the witness, with the three mentioned; but either these men were out of the way, or the court appears to have permitted him to keep the names of these parties to himself. Macdonald then proceeded to state, that Falconer and his companions had called upon him late on the Saturday night on which the bank was robbed, and desired him, with threats, to rise out of bed and follow them to the bank. They left him, and he rose and dressed himself. On going into the street, he met two women, Anne Valentine and one Menzies, the former of whom was seeking a boy, her son. With these women he went towards the town-house, which is above the bank, the hall of the town-house being separate from the bank office only by a single floor and ceiling in one part. In the Guildhall he saw the glimmer of a light, and conjectured that the plunderers had made their way into it. He and his companions went up the town-hall steps, and there, on looking through the key-hole, they saw Falconer with his coat off, and Bruce and the others engaged in fastening a rope around his waist, for the purpose of letting him down through a hole which they had made. Macdonald saw Falconer let down, after which he and those with him left the town-hall steps, and went back to the street. They remained there till the five plunderers came out, and were seen by them. This took place about one on the Sunday morning.

This was Macdonald's evidence, and it was corroborated by the women Valentine and Menzies, as respected the seeing of the pannels on the street, and in the town-hall.

This was the whole evidence against Falconer and Bruce. The counter-testimony was of various kinds. The accused were persons of respectable station and character; their accusers were not. A living friend of Bruce, who was his schoolfellow and intimate friend, declares to us that no one who knew him believed for a moment in his guilt. Again, each of the prisoners brought witnesses to prove an alibi, and these witnesses were of respectable character; but unfortunately their testimony did not bear upon the precise hour at which the robbery was committed. Three witnesses saw Falconer in his own house between ten and eleven, and the latest visitor saw him in bed, complaining of illness. Three witnesses deposed also to Bruce being at home late on Saturday night; one person heard him reading at twelve o'clock at night. Moreover, the counsel for the prisoners declared that it was impossible for Macdonald and the women to have seen the hole through which the robbers had descended into the bank, from their position at the town-hall door. Strange to say, this point, which would have utterly subverted the whole criminatory evidence, does not appear to have been thoroughly examined into.

Notwithstanding the bad character of Macdonald, the main witness, and the strong points in favour of the accused, Lord Hailes, the presiding judge, summed up against them, and the jury gave a verdict of guilty, by a plurality of voices. The prisoners were condemned to death; yet, as the jury were divided on the case, so do the highest authorities of the land appear to have been. The unfortunate men were respited two different times. At their trial, as well as during the whole of their confinement, they uniformly denied their accession to the robbery, and all knowledge of any intention to perpetrate it. They were at last executed at Edinburgh on the 24th of December 1788. "Their behaviour on the scaffold (says the Scots Magazine of the day) was devout, serious, and becoming; and in their last address they implored that mercy and forgiveness might be extended to those unhappy persons by whose testimony they had been thus untimely cut off. It is hoped that time, which unveils the dark and hidden doings of the most artful, will yet reveal to the public the whole history of this mysterious affair."

Little more than a year after the execution of these unfortunate men, who died in the prime of life, a cause was brought before the Court of Session, in which Alexander Macdonald, Alexander Menzies, and Anne Kermack, were the parties on one side, while the heirs of William Bruce, late shipmaster in Dundee (and either father or uncle to the executed Peter Bruce), were implicated on the other side. Macdonald had instituted a process for the recovery of £384, for which he held a bill purporting to have been granted by William Bruce. The result of the trial was, that Macdonald was found guilty of a gross fraud in obtaining the bill, and his witnesses and accomplices convicted of direct perjury. Macdonald was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years, expelled from Scotland for life, and declared infamous. Menzies received the same sentence, with this difference, that his transmarine exile was for seven years; and in sentencing him, the Lord President declared him to be a "most infamous man, dangerous to society, and one who feared neither God nor man." The



woman received a sentence more lenient, but was also declared infamous, according to the forms of law of the day.

The exposure of this conspiracy excited a dire suspicion in the public mind. The name of Menzies will be remembered as having been that of one of the evidences against Falconer and Bruce. In short, there appeared too much reason to fear that Macdonald had induced a band of confederates to perjure themselves on both occasions. The public thought so; for, in sentencing the man, Lord Henderland said, that, "had it not been for the peculiar situation of the panel, he should have proposed that a public whipping be added to the punishment; but he feared the rage of an incensed populace would prove fatal to the prisoner." The Lord President also remarked, that "from what had appeared in this bill affair, there was room for a melancholy doubt whether all was right with respect to a late trial, but that he would leave this to God and the prisoner's own conscience." Macdonald, who is described as a man evidently "possessing superior talents," and as having spoken for himself at the bill-trial with "an energy and address worthy of a better cause," had the hardihood to stand up and answer the Lord President's hint, by solemnly asseverating that Falconer and Bruce were really guilty of the robbery of the Dundee Bank. He also made an appeal against the sentence of banishment, which produced no effect.

Although a great portion of the public was now firmly persuaded of the innocence of Falconer and Bruce, believing from Macdonald's audacity in bringing a fraudulent claim against the aged relative of Peter Bruce that he was a man capable of any villany, yet a mystery hung over the subject to a certain extent. However, in the middle of the year 1790, two years after the execution of Falconer and Bruce, an extraordinary sensation was caused in Edinburgh by the commission of a number of mysterious robberies, the author or authors of which contrived to evade the vigilance of the authorities. These robberies followed each other in quick succession. For example, William Proctor, grave-digger, was knocked down and robbed, at the back of the Castle, on the night of July the 31st. Thomas Elliott, tacksman of Heriot House toll, was knocked down and robbed at the Sciennes, on the night of August the 2d. James Logan was knocked down and robbed of a gold watch on the Earthen Mound, on the night of August the 4th. Within the same five days alone, a housebreaking and another robbery took place. From descriptions and other circumstances, the criminal authorities were led to believe these acts, with many others, to have been committed by one daring and active man. But all their exertions were inefficient in tracking the guilty party. At length suspicion fell upon a soldier in the Castle. Inquiry and a trial followed, when it was discovered that this soldier, William Gadesby, then only twenty-eight years of age, had not only committed the series of robberies which had attracted so much attention, but had carried on a similar course, with almost unexampled success and daring, from the age of fourteen upwards. Since his enlisting, he had contrived to leave the Castle repeatedly by night: he mentioned at his trial that hackney-coaches, going in and out at late hours from the officers' barracks, afforded him his usual means of passage. This singular malefactor, whose exploits also form a theme of remark in fireside tales in Scotland, was sentenced to die on the scaffold, on the 20th of February 1791.

Amongst his greatest crimes, though not one of those for which he suffered, must be reckoned that of his having allowed two innocent men to go to the scaffold for a crime not their own, but his. Such was the case. William Gadesby was the robber of the Dundee Bank. The wretch Macdonald, and the women who supported his evidence, had been actuated by the miserable desire to possess the stipulated reward, and had burdened their souls with the heavy crime of perjury in order to accomplish that object. Speaking of the execution of Gadesby, the Annual Register for 1791 states, "With his last breath he declared Falconer and Bruce, who were executed here two years ago for robbing the Dundee Bank, to be innocent of that crime, and acknowledged his own guilt!" The deed had been committed by him before entering the army.

It is impossible to read the case of Falconer and Bruce in the present day, without an indignant sense of the mercilessness with which the laws were administered fifty years ago in Scotland. Here, upon manifestly bad and insufficient evidence, two men of good repute were put to an ignominious death, for a crime which, even had they been guilty of it, would have been far too dearly expiated by the sacrifice of two lives. It was atrocious in the first place to condemn on such evidence, and doubly atrocious in the second place to execute two men for such a crime. Judges sincerely anxious to do justice might have been expected to take some pains to sift and test the evidence, particularly by the obvious expedient of ascertaining if it was possible, from the Guildhall door, to have seen the robbers descend into the bank. None of the ordinary records of such events hint at such an inquiry having been made. And, considering the dubiety of the case, the supreme authority might have been expected to commute the punishment. But all persons in those days entrusted with the administration of the laws, from royalty itself downwards, were hurried away by an insane anxiety to punish. Life was held as light in the ba-

lance against the most trifling article of property; and servile juries were found to yield to the dictates of judges in whatever they were pleased to command. We may surely congratulate ourselves on the better spirit which has since dawned on all these parties, and the superior value which is now put on human life—invariably one of the clearest marks of an advanced civilisation.

#### PAINTING UPON GLASS.

GLASS-PAINTING is understood to have had its origin in the third century, and in the eighth and tenth centuries we have clear proofs of its having been used for the decoration of church windows. But it was not till the fourteenth century that the manner of fixing colours in glass, or enamelling, was discovered. This was a most important addition to the resources of the art, and from the period of its discovery, glass-painting began more especially to flourish. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it reached its acme, and a prodigious quantity of coloured glass resulted from the labours of that age. Great painters gave their aid in the ornamenting of churches in this way. In Germany, Albert Durer thus gained great celebrity. France and the Netherlands abounded in artists who devoted themselves to the same task. England, also, was visited by Bernhard de Linde, a Fleming, in the reign of James I., and by him a school was there founded, which continued the exercise of the art for many years afterwards. But the taste for thus decorating churches declined soon after, and in the eighteenth century, glass-painting fell altogether into decay. It has, however, been revived on the continent in the nineteenth century. M. St. Frank of Nuremberg has recently attained to a great distinction as a painter on glass at the royal porcelain manufactory of Munich. In France, still more recently (within these five years), M. Thibaut and M. Thevenot have revived glass-painting at the manufactory of Clermont, and have executed some works that will bear comparison with aught produced in past times. The chapel of Notre-Dame de Beaume has been enriched by M. Thibaut with beautiful paintings of this order, and he has produced two other great pieces, an Annunciation of the Virgin, and a representation of Anne of Bourbon in her devotions. The cathedral of Metz, too, has been recently adorned by some exquisite glass-paintings of the Virgin and others. In France, in short, the art has experienced a complete resuscitation. The government has lent its patronage, able artists are directing themselves to the subject, and at all the late exhibitions of art, specimens have been exposed that have attracted great attention. We may expect soon to learn that all the great buildings of the country are beautified by this art, the products of which have a superlatively rich and attractive effect.

It may be imagined by some that the art of glass-painting is neither of sufficient importance, nor of sufficient difficulty, to call for such observations. But the case is otherwise. We have had an opportunity of witnessing the process in this country, and hearing its details explained, and can readily perceive that the execution of a great work of this order must be a thing of no easy accomplishment. Certain metallic oxides and other mineral preparations, chiefly of the precious metals, are the substances constituting the paints or colours. Soft glass is the material operated upon, crown glass being too hard for the purpose. The glass-painter, besides being provided with a colour shop, has a large oven in his work-place, above the furnace of which are large shelves of iron, such as are used in stereotyping. The purpose of this is to receive the glass when made ready in the following manner: The workman having chosen his colours, and mixed up the materials as in ordinary water-colour painting, spreads the compost over the glass with a fine brush (supposing that this is all to be painted of one colour), and takes great care to divide and disseminate the paint accurately and nicely. The plate of glass is then introduced into one of the oven shelves, and there exposed for a time to a strong heat. The pores of the glass are to a certain extent opened, and the metallic pigment becomes incorporated with the body of it, without destroying the form, transparency, or polish. The glass, on being taken out, cooled, and cleaned, is found to have acquired the tint of the pigment. If the substance, however, has been spread unequally, one part will be more deeply tinted than another, and the heat, also, must be regulated carefully by experience, otherwise the glass will be more or less fused, and its form and texture destroyed. The painter can destroy the smooth surface of the glass when he chooses, and this is done in *obscuring* glass, as it is called, by the use of a white mineral pigment. This is spread as before, and after the glass is properly heated, it comes from the oven with the surface rough, precisely as if it had been ground like the common obscured glass of an argand burner.

This is certainly an easy process, where a plate of glass is simply to be tinted of a single colour. But matters are altered when figures of many hues are to be intermingled, or, in other words, where a fancy painting is to be put upon one glass. Here, in the first place, is to be exercised all the skill of the common pictorial artist, as well in designing as in colouring, and this has to be accomplished, moreover, with limited means, seeing that certain paints only can be used in the process; while, in the second place, extra-

ordinary care is demanded for the regulation of the heating process. The practice of glass-painters is not to design with the pencil, though this might be done, but to cover their ground with the colours, and outline the desired figures by scraping out the rest with a knife.

It may now be readily conceived how great will be the difficulty of executing a great painting in this manner. Such figures as diamonds, hearts, and the common ornamental designs of windows, are done with considerable ease, where the coloured part consists of a single uniform tint. But though designs including human figures and dresses are much more difficult, they are, generally speaking, well worth the trouble they cost, their effect being so rich and beautiful.

By the inferior modes of glass-painting, which consist simply of laying on the colours on the back of the glass in a cold state, as in ordinary canvass-painting, beautiful works of art have also been produced. The different styles may be mingled to a certain extent, and indeed frequently are. In Edinburgh there are but two mercantile houses, we believe, which carry on the mode of enamel-painting just described, and in these many very beautiful pieces have been produced; but their operations are conducted on a comparatively small scale, there being no demand at present for great pieces for the decoration of public edifices in this country.

#### CURE OF SQUINTING.

We extract from the British and Foreign Medical Review, the following account of cures of congenital squinting performed by Professor Diefenbach, of Berlin. The reviewer quotes from the *Medicische Zeitung* for November 13, 1839, and February 5 and 12, 1840.

"The following cases are masterpieces from the hand of a master. The operation is beautiful in its simplicity, and the result delightful to contemplate. Who shall set bounds to the progress of surgery? These operations are the first of the kind ever performed on the living subject; but Stromeyer has the merit of having suggested the operation, and he performed it on the dead body, with a direct view to proving its practicability on the living.

CASE I.—The subject of this operation was a child seven years old, whose eye was drawn far into the inner angle of the eyelids, so as to produce considerable disfigurement. The operation was performed in the following manner:—The head of the child was held against the chest of one assistant, while another with two hooks kept the eyelids widely apart. The operator then passed a third hook, which he gave to a third assistant to hold, through the conjunctiva, and to some depth in the subjacent cellular tissue at the internal canthus. He next fixed a fine double hook in the sclerotic at the inner angle, and, taking it in his left hand, drew the eye outwards. Then cutting into the conjunctiva close to the ball, where it is continued from it to the internal canthus, and penetrating more deeply by separating the cellular tissue by the side of the sclerotic, he divided the internal rectus muscle, close to its insertion, with a fine pair of scissors. The eye was immediately drawn outwards by the external rectus, as if it had received an electric shock; and in another instant became straight, so that there was no difference perceptible between its direction and that of the other eye.

The hemorrhage during the operation was but slight, though sufficient to impede it. The after-treatment consisted of cold lotions; no inflammation ensued, and within eight days the cure was completed.

CASE II.—Carl Gerhard, aged ten, affected with squint since his fourth year. His parents wishing him to become a printer, were anxious to have this defect removed, as it interfered with composing. The right eye was so completely drawn into the inner angle, that on a first view the point of junction of the iris and sclerotic formed the centre of the anterior surface of the eyeball. By an effort the eye could be drawn from the canthus and placed straight, but could not be turned at all outwards. The operation was performed as in the last case, the conjunctiva being cut through, and the sclerotic laid bare to the extent of four lines, in order to bring the muscle into view, which was cut with a curved scissors as before. The squint was gone; the eyeball, when at rest, stood nearly straight, or rather a little turned outwards, and could be turned more readily by the patient's efforts in this direction than inwards. All the other movements of the eye were free. The bleeding was here much less than in the former case, and caused no interruption. The sudden turning of the eyeball outwards, observed in the first case, did not take place here.

The boy felt quite well on the following day. He could separate the eyelids without difficulty. The conjunctiva in the inner angle of the eye was red. The eye was nearly straight, only turned a little more outwards than the other. In eight days the cure was complete, and the eye quite straight.

CASE III.—Albert Victor, aged fifteen, affected with strabismus of the left eye since his earliest infancy. The eyeball was turned deeply into the inner angle, but by an effort of the will it could be turned straight; but on this effort being relaxed, it instantly returned to the former position. The operation was performed precisely in the same manner, it being only here specified that the external incision in the conjunctiva was semilunar, and that the muscle was cut by introducing the pointed blade of the scissors beneath it. As soon as the hook that held the eye was removed, the ball turned at first outwards, but in a moment returned to the straight position. The edges of the wound did not gape, so that the external incision was barely perceptible. The eye was covered with a cold poultice, and the patient subjected to the antiphlogistic regimen. In eight days the cure was complete, and the squint entirely gone."



## Column for Young People.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

THE following arithmetical puzzles are from the delightful children's book, "Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest," of which a new edition in the cheapened form of one volume has been submitted to our attention by the publishers. We gladly do what is in our power to make known a book in which the effort to convey science under the attraction of a dramatic form, has certainly been made with rare skill and success.

"The next booth in the fair into which our party entered was that of Crank Smirky, the celebrated conjuror, who invited the company to witness his wonderful display of the art of legerdemain: he was dressed as an astrologer, with a loose gown of green velvet, and a red cap; he had a long grey beard, and his nose was bestraddled by a pair of green spectacles.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the mystic professor, "I shall have the honour of convincing you this day, that my single hand is more than a match for all the sharp eyes of Overton. You will admit that a beautiful eye makes silence eloquent—a kind eye, contradiction an assent—and an enraged eye, beauty deformed; but my hand shall, by its magic influence, make eloquence dumb, assent a contradiction, and deformity beautiful."

So saying, the professor beckoned a villager, who sat near the stage, to approach and assist him in the performance of his first grand trick.

"Dobby," exclaimed his terrified wife, "sit thee still; that man has dealings with the old one; I would not that he should touch your garment for all the ginger-bread in the fair."

This exclamation of the terrified wife set the whole audience in a roar, and produced a confusion which the skilful conjuror is always anxious to create, when any ally work is to be performed. In truth, this scene had been previously concerted by the renowned Crank Smirky, who had engaged this said Dobby as his confederate. A series of very amusing tricks were then performed with cards and counters; such, for instance, as desiring some person to draw a card from the pack, and having observed what it was, to return it; which card, to the wonder of the company, was immediately found in Dobby's pocket. Mr Seymour informed his children that the explanation of this trick would serve to show the manner in which most of the deceptions by cards were performed. He said, that the conjuror's pack of cards always contained a card, technically termed a 'brief card,' or 'the old gentleman,' which is one made on purpose by the card-maker, and is a little larger than any of the rest; the performer always knows it by feeling it, and can easily force it upon the unsuspecting drawer; should he, however, attempt to take any other, the conjuror, under some pretence, shuffles again, till at length he induces him to take the one intended for him. After the card has been introduced again into the pack, the performer, without any difficulty, withdraws it, and the confederate is called upon to produce the duplicate which had been previously placed in his pocket.

The children were told that the several deceptions with coin, or counters, which they had witnessed, were accomplished by a species of dexterity acquired only by practice, and termed 'palming'; it consisted in being able to retain a shilling, halfpenny, or counter, in the palm of the hand, while it remained extended; thus the performer desires any one to reckon five pieces, which are accordingly placed on the table before him, the conjuror then takes them up, and having dexterously palmed one, he adds it to the number as he places it in the hand of the unsuspecting person.

Tom and his sisters expressed themselves much pleased and surprised with the dexterity of the performer. "But," added the intelligent boy, "I should be much more gratified by tricks that were indebted for their mystery to some philosophical principle."

Mr Seymour, turning to his son, said, that if he waited patiently he would shortly be gratified in that wish, for he knew Crank Smirky was prepared to exhibit some recreations in divination, that were founded on the science of numbers.

Nor was Mr Seymour mistaken; for after a few more specimens of his dexterity, the conjuror requested Mr Twaddleton, who was sitting directly in his front, to taken an even number of counters in one hand, and an odd number in the other; and he would tell him, he said, in which hand he held the even number. Mr Twaddleton having complied with the request, he was further desired to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number he pleased, as, for instance, 2; and that in the left hand by an odd number, as 3.

"I have done so," said the vicar.

"Then be pleased to add together the two products, and tell me whether the sum be odd or even."

"It is odd," replied Mr Twaddleton.

"If so," said the conjuror, "the even number of counters will be in your right hand."

The vicar exposed the counters, and admitted the correctness of the conjuror's decision.

NOTE.—This problem is to be found in Hutton's Recreations, and is stated as follows:—

"A person having in one hand an even number of

shillings, and in the other an odd, to tell in which hand he has the even number.

Desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, and that in the left by any odd number; then bid him to add together the two products, and if the whole sum be odd, the even number of shillings will be in the right hand, and the odd number in the left; if the sum be even, the contrary will be the case. By a similar process, a person having in one hand a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver, we can tell in which hand he holds the gold, and in which the silver. For this purpose, some value represented by an even number, such as 8, must be assigned to the gold, and a value represented by an odd number, such as 3, must be assigned to the silver; after which the operation is exactly the same as in the preceding example.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for, in that case, the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It will be readily seen that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person, may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number, or piece of silver. The same operations may then be performed in regard to these two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling the one, privately, the right, and the other the left.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed the man of mystery, "I now humbly crave your silent attention, while I exhibit one of the most wonderful examples of my art. Here is a ring—there a shilling—and there a glove. I shall presently request each of the three gentlemen before me to take one of those articles, so secretly as to prevent the possibility of my discovering the choice he may have made. I have here, you perceive, twenty-four counters; one of which I shall give to you, Mr Seymour; two to you, reverend sir; and three to you, my young philosopher; the remaining eighteen shall remain on the table. Now, gentlemen, I shall retire, and during my absence you will be so good as to distribute the three articles in any way you may think proper."

The professor, accordingly, walked off the stage, when Mr Seymour took the ring, the vicar the shilling, and Tom Seymour the glove. The conjuror, on his return, said that he had one more favour to request, that the person who had the ring should take from the eighteen counters on the table as many as he already possessed; the one with the shilling twice as many, and the person with the glove four times as many as he before possessed. The conjuror again retired, in order that the distribution might be made without his observing it. On returning, the conjuror, having first cast his eye upon the counters that remained on the table, informed the company that Mr Seymour had taken the ring, Mr Twaddleton the shilling, and the young gentleman the glove. The moment the parties assented to this decision, the whole company expressed their satisfaction and astonishment by thunders of applause.

"That is really very ingenious," observed the vicar. "How could he perform it?" said Tom; "it is evident that his only guide was the number of counters left on the board."

"I understand the process by which it was accomplished, and will endeavour, at some future time, to explain it," replied Mr Seymour.

A number of similar tricks followed, all of which depended upon some algebraical calculation; and the performance was concluded to the entire satisfaction of all present.

NOTE.—It is by discovering the number of counters left on the board that the above trick is performed. By means of a table the problem may be immediately solved; but as such a reference would be inconvenient, and, indeed, destructive to the magic of the trick, a Latin verse is substituted, which may be easily carried in the memory, and will be found to answer all the purposes of a table. In order, however, that the reader may become thoroughly acquainted with the machinery of the trick, we shall explain it in the words of its author. The problem is stated as follows:—"Three things being privately distributed to three persons, to guess that which each has got."

Let the three things be a ring, a shilling, and a glove. Call the ring A, the shilling E, and the glove I; and in your own mind distinguish the persons by calling them first, second, and third. Then take twenty-four counters, and give one of them to the first person, two to the second, and three to the third. Place the remaining eighteen on the table, and then retire, that the three persons may distribute among themselves the three things proposed, without your observing them. When the distribution has been made, desire the person who has the ring to take from the remaining eighteen counters as many as he has already; the one who has the shilling to take twice as many as he has already, and the person who has the glove to take four times as many. According to the above supposition, then, the first person has taken one, the second four, and the third twelve; consequently, one counter only remains on the table. When this is done, you may return, and, by the number left, can discover what thing each person has taken, by employing the following words:—

1 2 3 5 6 7  
Salve certa animus semita vita quies.

To make use of these words, you must recollect, that in all cases there can remain only 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, or 7 counters, and never 4. It must likewise be observed, that each syllable contains one of the vowels, which we have made to represent the things proposed, and that the first syllable of each word must be considered as representing the first person, and the second syllable the second. This being comprehended, if there remains only one counter, you must employ the first word, or rather the two first syllables, *sal-ve*, the first of which, that containing A, shows that the first person has the ring represented by A; and the second syllable, that containing E, shows that the second person has the shilling represented by E; from which you may easily conclude that the third person has the glove. If two counters should remain, you must take the second word *cer-ta*, the first syllable of which, containing E, will show that the first person has the shilling represented by E; and the second syllable, containing A, will indicate that the second person has the ring represented by A. In general, whatever number of counters remain, that word of the verse which is pointed out by the same number must be employed.

## SAXON WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language consists of about thirty-eight thousand words. This includes, of course, not only radical words, but all derivatives, except the preterites and participles of verbs; to which must be added some few terms which, though set down in the dictionaries, are either obsolete, or have never ceased to be considered foreign. Of these, about twenty-three thousand, or nearly five-eighths, are of Anglo-Saxon origin. The majority of the rest, in what proportions we cannot say, are Latin and Greek; Latin, however, has the larger share. \* \* \* Sharon Turner has adduced passages from a series of our most popular writers. The passages in question are from the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Thomson, Addison, Spenser, Locke, Pope, Young, Swift, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and Johnson. In five verses out of Genesis, containing one hundred and thirty words, there are only five not Saxon. In as many verses out of the Gospel of St John, containing seventy-four words, there are only two not Saxon. Of the remaining passages, that from Shakespeare contains eighty-one words; of these the words not Saxon are thirteen; that from Milton ninety; not Saxon, sixteen; that from Cowley seventy-six; not Saxon, ten; that from Thomson seventy-eight; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Addison seventy-nine; not Saxon, fifteen; that from Spenser seventy-two; not Saxon, fourteen; that from Locke ninety-four; not Saxon, twenty; that from Pope eighty-four; not Saxon, twenty-eight; that from Young ninety-six; not Saxon, twenty-one; that from Swift eighty-seven; in which nine only are not Saxon; that from Robertson one hundred and fourteen; not Saxon, thirty-four; that from Hume one hundred and one; not Saxon, thirty-eight; that from Gibbon eighty; not Saxon, thirty-one; that from Johnson eighty-seven; not Saxon, twenty-one. In none of these passages is the number of foreign words greater than one-third; in many of them less than one-tenth. In all, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-two words, of which only two hundred and ninety-six are not Saxon. If we were to take this as a criterion, the Saxon would constitute about four-fifths of the language, instead of five-eighths—or about thirty-two fortieths, instead of twenty-five fortieths.—*Edinburgh Review*.

[Excepting so far as it solves a question in philology, the above exposition is of no value. For some years there has, we think, been a needless fuss about composing in Saxon, or using if possible only words of a Saxon root. Properly speaking, it is of no consequence whence our language is derived; all that writers or speakers have to attend to, is to employ the words which most forcibly and simply express their meaning; whether these be originally from the Saxon or Roman, is a matter of extreme indifference. The object with all writers should be to write *English*, not *Anglo-Saxon*.]

## DEPARTING EMIGRANT'S SONG.

On the hills of our fathers the sunset is streaming,  
I see their brown peaks from the wave:  
Upon them in splendour the day-god is beaming,  
That cherished more fondly may be, in our dreaming,  
The last glimpse of home which he gave.

We thank thee, bright sun! for we still would remember  
The scenes that around us have smiled;  
Our theme shall they be on the eaves of December,  
When brightly and cheerily glows the red ember,  
Afar on our hearths of the wild.

Our children shall hear of their forefathers' glory,  
And leap in the tongue which they spake;  
The triumphs of peace, and the victor-fields gory,  
Embalmed in our songs, and recorded in story,  
Their young emulation shall wake.

Yes, Scotland! by us in our joy and our sorrow,  
Thy name ever hallowed shall be;  
Though far from thy shores shall we be ere the morrow,  
A gem from thy crown shall we strive still to borrow,  
And ever be worthy of thee.

T. S.

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